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"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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Thursday Morning, Feb. 22, 1855

The Sun Shines Over All.

When hope is heart forsaking
Go forth in the open day,
And watch the sunbeams breaking
As the dark clouds roll away;
Then mark how they tinge and brighten
Each dark spot where they fall,
And thy heart of each care will lighten,
For the sun shines over all!

When thine eyes with teardrops glisten,
And each tender chord is stirred,
Then hie to the woods and listen
To the sweet song of the bird;
And mark how he sings contented,
As the leaves around him fall,
You'll forget what you lamented,
For the sweet birds sing for all.

When all you fondly cherished
Has passed, like a dream away;
The love you clung to perished,
The friendship known decay:
Seek then the woodland flowers,
They will all the past recall,
And point to happier hours,
For the bright flowers bloom for all.

THE WORSTED STOCKING.

The following thrilling adventure is from an English Magazine:

"Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he mother?" said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered his mother, "and that'll be a fine sight, for I never like the ending of these great chimneys, it's so risky; thy father's to be the last up."

"Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em give a shout afore he comes down,' said Tom.

"And then," continued his mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a frolic on to-morrow, and go into the country and spend all day amongst the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand, and some bread in the other.

His mother stood at the door watching him, as he went merrily whistling down the street, and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to bless and protect her treasures.

Tom, with a light heart, pursued his way to his father, and, leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance.

In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on. James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys which in our great manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. This chimney was the highest and one of the most tapering that had ever been erected; and as Tom, shading his eyes from the slanting rays of the sitting sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sunk within him at the appalling hight. The scaffolding was almost all down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone at the top. He looked all around to see that everything was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men answered him below with a long loud cheer, little Tom shouting heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a very different sound—a cry of alarm and horror from above:

"The rope! The rope!"

The men looked around, and coiled upon the ground, lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the top of the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by. The scaffolding had been taken down, without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough, or skillful enough, to reach the top of the chimney; or if it could, it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help, or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round the circle, the dizzy hight seeming every moment to grow more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him.—He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day passed as industriously and as swiftly as usual, with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children, in some way or other; and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the ho..day to-morrow. She had just finished all her preparations, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy home, and for all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in. His face was as white as ashes, and he could hardly get his words out:

'Mother! mother! He canna get down!"

'Who, lad? Thy father?'

'They've forgotten to leave him the rope,' answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak.

His mother started up, horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed; then pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the horrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for helf, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

'He says he'll throw himself down,' exclaimed they as Mrs. Howard came up.

'Thee munna do that, lad' cried Mrs. Howard, with a clear, hopeful voice; 'thee munna do that. Wait a bit. Tak' off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me, Jem? Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep a hold of the other,' cried she to her husband.

The little thread came waving down the side of the chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but at last it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it.

'Now pull it up slowly,' cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted drew it gently up.—It stopped—the string had reached her husband. 'Now hold the string fast, and pull it up,' cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it.—They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher. There was but one coil left. It had reached the top.

'Thank God! Thank God!' exclaimed the wife.

She hid her hands in silent prayer, and trembling, rejoice. The rope was up. The iron to which it should be fastened was there, all right; but would her husband be able to make use of them? would not the terrors of the past hour have so unnerved him, as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety? She did not know the magic influence which her few words had exercised over him.—She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him with—as if the little thread that carried him the hope of life once more had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook her true heart. She did not know that, as he waited there, the words came over him, 'Why art thou cast down, O, my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God.' She lifted her heart to God for hope and strength. She could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God, and rested on him as a rock. There was a great shout.

'He's safe,' cried little Tom.

'Thou hast saved me, Mary,' said her husband, folding her in his arms. 'But what ails thee? Thou seem'st more sorry than glad about it.'

But Mary would not speak, and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground—sudden joy, after such a great fear, had overcome her.

'Tom,' said his father, 'let thy mother lean on thy shoulder, and we will take her home.'

And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God, for His great goodness, and their life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and for the danger that had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day, was it not, indeed, a thanksgiving day.

ILLUSTRATION OF IGNORANCE.—Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston who has travelled in Europe, states the following facts:

'In Italy you will see a farmer breaking up his ground with two cows and a root of a tree for a plow, while he is dressed in skins with the hair on. In Rome, Vienna and Dresden, if you hire a man to saw your wood, he does not bring a horse.—He never had one, nor his father before him. But he places one end of the saw on the ground and the other against his breast, and taking the wood in his hands, he rubs it against the saw; and he will be all day doing two hours' work. It is a solemn fact, that in Florence, a city filled with triumphs of art, there is not a single auger, and if a carpenter would bore a hole, he does it with a red hot poker! This results not from want of industry, but of sagacity of thought. In Rome, charcoal is principally used for fuel, and you will see a string of twenty mules bringing little sacks of it upon their backs, when one mule would draw it all in a cart. But the charcoal vender never had a cart, and so he keeps his twenty mules and feeds them.'

☞ In view of the great revival in religion now progressing in Harrisburg, Pa., the Philadelphia Argus indulges a hope that it may even extend to the Pennsylvania Legislature, now in session at that place, in which hope he is greatly encouraged, inasmuch as a revival has sprung up in the Maryland Penitentiary.

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

We wonder if history ever tells the exact truth. The following article on the burning of Moscow, would make us think not. We clip from the Muscatine (Iowa) Inquirer:

Coming up to the boat a few days ago, we happened to fall in company with Senator Douglas, who came on board at Quincy, on his way to warsaw. In the course of a very interesting account of his travels in Russia, much of which has been published by letter-writers, he stated a fact which has never yet been published, but which startlingly contradicts the received historical relation of one of the most extraordinary events that ever fell to the lot of history or record. For this reason, the Judge said he felt a delicacy in making the assertion, that *the city of Moscow never was burned!*

He said, that previous to his arrival at Moscow, he had several disputes with his guide as to the burning of the city, the guide declaring it never occurred, and seeming to be nettled at Mr. Douglas' persistency in his opinion, but on examining the fire-marks around the city, and the city itself, he became satisfied that the guide was correct.

The statement goes on to set forth the antiquity of the architectural city, particularly of its six hundred first-class churches, stretching through anti-Napoleonic ages to Pagan times, and showing the handiwork of different nations of history—demonstrating that the city was never burnt down (or up.) The Inquirer adds:

The Kremlin is a space of several hundred acres, in the shape of a flat-iron, and is enclosed by a wall sixty feet high.—Within this enclosure is the most magnificent palace in Europe, recently built, but constructed over an ancient palace, which remains, thus enclosed, whole and perfect, with all its windows, etc.

Near the Kremlin, surrounded by a wall, is a Chinese town, appearing to be several hundred years old, still occupied by descendants of the original settlers.

The circumstances which gave rise to the error concerning the burning of Moscow, were these: It is a city of 450,000 inhabitants, in circular form, occupying a large space, five miles across. There the winters are six months long; and the custom was, and still is, to lay up supplies of provisions and wood to last six months of severe and cold weather. To prevent these gigantic supplies from cumbering the heart of the city, and yet render them as convenient as practicable to every locality, a row of wood houses was constructed to circle completely round the city, and outside of these was a row of granaries, and in these were deposited the whole of the supplies. Napoleon had entered the city with his army, and was himself occupying the palace of Kremlin, when one night, by order of the Russian Governor, every wood-house and every granary simultaneously burst into a blaze. All efforts to extinguish them were vain. and Napoleon found himself compelled to march his army through the fire. Retiring to an eminence he saw the whole city enveloped in vast sheets of flames, and clouds of smoke, and apparently all on fire. And so far as he was concerned, it might as well have been, for enough were left to supply every soldier with a room, yet without provision or fuel; and a Russian army to cut off all supplies, he and his army could not subsist there. During this fire some houses were probably burnt, but the city was not. In the Kremlin a magazine blew up, cracking the church of Ivan more than a hundred feet up, but set nothing on fire.

Mr. Douglas saw the fire-mark around the city, where wood-houses and granaries for winter supplies now stand as of old, but there appears no marks of conflagration within the city. On the contrary, it bears the unmistakable evidence of age.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND REVELATION.—"You remember the custom of ancient hospitality. Before parting with a stranger, the father of the family, breaking a piece of clay on which certain characters were impressed, gave one half to the stranger, and kept the other himself. Years after, these two fragments, brought together and rejoined, acknowledged each other, so to speak, formed a bond of recognition between those presenting them, and in attesting old relations, became at the same time the basis of new. So in the book of our soul does the Divine Revelation unite itself to the old traces there. Our soul does not discover, but recognizes the Truth. It infers that a reunion (rencountre) impossible to chance—impossible to calculation—can only be the work and secret of God; and it is then only that we believe—then when the Gospel has for us passed from the rank of external to the rank of *internal* truth, and, if I might say so, of *instinct*—when it has become in us part and parcel of our consciousness.'

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLIMENT.—During the recent illness of Jonathan Yale Clark, one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens of Pittsfield, a poor old man came all the way from the montain, and thrust his head in at the door, and inquired of the daughter in attendence:

"Is Yale Clark here?" "He is." "Is he sick?" "He is." "Is he *very* sick?" "He is considered dangerous." Well, I don't know who you be, but I stopped to tell ye, that you ought to lay him on cushions of velvet, and take the best care of him during the rest of his days for his kindness to the poor."—*Boston Traveler.*

BEAUTY.—Let any one look around at the numerous fond couples of his acquaintance who are peacefully smiling in each other's faces, in defiance of realities, and the common verdict of mankind, and he must acknowledge that beauty is but a name, and ugliness but a chimera. In effect there are no such things. Poetry, and novels and romances have made a certain combination of auburn hair, blue eyes, Greek noses, and pearl teeth, to be an indispensable part of the *material* of true love; but in the commerce of the living world this is sheer nonsense. Depend upon it, that in spite of arbitrary standards, there is no one so ugly who has not his oglings, his amorous looks, and languishing smiles—and that somebody or other has the heart to relish and return them.—Nay, beauty itself choses ugliness for its mate, without thinking it ugly. Look at Mr. and Mrs. P.——. How balsamic is such a union to us that are ugly. We mean not to utter a word in disparagement of beauty, but we see no harm in extending its empire by multiplying its attributes. A man may have a just sense of all that is essentially, and by universal assent, most lovely—and yet, under some inexplicable illusion, fix his own final choice upon features that no one thinks agreeable but himself. He may make his quotations from twenty established belles—drink to the tyranny of all the reigning toasts—and then go and surrender up his soul forever to a mouth awry, and teeth divinely not in rows. This is as it should be. By such by laws as these, nature elicits harmony from the jaring elements of the world; thus, amidst all her seeming inequalities and inconsistencies, by a series of kindly compensations, she assimilates all conditions, ond provides means for making every one contented and happy.

THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.—The following is related by Audubon, the celebrated traveler and ornithologist:

'A man who was once a pirate, assured me that, at times, while at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well-known key, which must be nameless, the soft and melancholy notes of the dove awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentence, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the holiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increasing fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the coast of Florida.—So deeply moved was he by the note of any bird, and especially those of the dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes and them alone, he was indeed to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a hasty visit to these wells and listen once more to the cooing of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be the noblest work of God—an honest man. His escape was effected amid difficulties and dangers, but no danger seemed to be comparable with the danger of living in violation of human and divine laws; and he now lives in peace in the midst of friends.'

☞ Here is a beautiful sentence from the pen of Coleridge. Nothing can be more eloquent, nothing more true:

'Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers, as to pain inflicted or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its dark mantle over him, his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells and his face may be unknown by his neighbors—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow, but he has a gem with which he would not part for the wealth defying computations, for fame filling a world's ear, for the highest power, for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on mortal's eye.'

THE MAN WHO DARES TO DO RIGHT.—That man who can stand in the breach of universal public censure, with all the fashions of opinion disgracing him, in the thoughts of the lookers on—with the tide of obloquy beating against his breast, and the fingers of the mighty, combined many, pointing him to scorn,—nay, with the fury of the drunken rabble threatening him with instant death,—and, worse than all, having no present friend to whisper a word of defence or palliative in his behalf to the revilers,—but bravely giving his naked head to the storm, because he knows himself to be virtuous in his purpose: that man shall come forth from the fiery ordeal like tried gold. Philosophy shall embalm his name in her richest unction. History shall give him a place on her brightest page, and old, yea, hoary far off posterity shall remember him as of yesterday!

GIVING A HINT.—A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was worn out, and asked what reward she should receive for her industry. He sent her a new thimble, with the following lines:

"I send you a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
It will last you long, if its half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it."

The Age of the World.

A question of great importance with divines and men of science at the presnt day, is that of the age of our planet, and the different changes which have taken place upon it, as related in Genesis. One class contend that the different acts of creation took place exactly as described in the first chapter of Genesis, in six solar days, and that all things were made out of nothing in that time. Another class believe that our planet was in existence for thousands of years prior to the first act recorded in Genesis, that it had undergone vast changes, and that it had been long in confusion, and was bereft of live, when the command went forth "Let there be light."—This class also believed that the successive acts described in Genesis took place in six common days, furnishing the world with the exact orders of creation as there described. Another class believe that the successive acts of creation mentioned in Genesis, took place in the exact order there described, but that instead of the days there mentioned being solar days, they were *indefinite periods of time*—some of them of great length—perhaps sixty thousand years. This latter class embrace the greatest number of learned geologists and divines. In the last number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, the Rev. John O. Means, of East Medway, Mass., presents his views at great length on this subject, and takes the latter view of the question, namely, that the days mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis, if interpreted to mean *indefinite periods of time* would reconcile both science and the Scriptures in every particular. He employs some strong arguments in favor of this view of the question. Thus, the sun, moon, and stars, are said to be created on the third day, therefore, the two previous days could not be one of our solar days, embracing one revolution of the earth on its axis in twenty-four hours, with the sun to rule the day and the moon to rule the night. This argument is incontrovertible. But what was the cause of the light before the sun was created. He sees no difficulty in this. He says, "the material universe is full of light, ready to be worked at a word. Chemical action on a vaster scale than man can follow, is taking place every moment, & floods of light are poured forth. Combustion is attended with light as well as heat." "It may sound strange," he again says, "to say that the most intense light is to be found not *on* the earth, but *in* it. The whole of the sun's rays which reach the earth gathered to a focus, would not be so intensely light as the centre of the globe.—It seems pretty certain that within the crust of the earth, is a globe of fire, at least two thousand miles in diameter."—This opinion costs neither him nor any man of science anything whether it be true or false, but he departs from reason and logic, by endeavoring to establish one hypothesis by setting up another. There are no positive proofs of the earth being a crusted ball of fire. We are not dependent on the sun for light, as he has clearly stated, but he does not seem to understand its true theory. It is produced by the vibrations of a subtile medium diffused throughout space. Our planet is self luminous, but in a degree less so than the sun, for there is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another of the earth. Man's eyes are constructed to see objects only by a great quantity of intense light; but some beasts and fowls have their eyes constructed to range the forest and field by night as freely as man does during day, while during sun-light they can scarcely see at all. A tribe of Africans also—the Bosjesman—remain in their caves during day; and search for their food during night. From habit, we presume, they have become nocturnal roamers—men-owls—thus showing that natural light belongs to our planet; the unceasing throbbings of its particles produce continual light; this was the way, no doubt, that light was produced in the early days of the earth.—Hugh Miller brings forward some strong argument in favor of the great age of our planet, and mentions a number of geological changes requiring tens of thousands of years to accomplish, which could not have taken place in the short period of six thousand years, as is believed by those who adhere to the solar six days interpretation of the Genesis narrative of the creation. Sir Charles Lyell believes that it must have taken 67,000 years to form the delta of the Missippi, and 35,000 years for the Niagara river, to form its present channel from the Falls to Queenstown. Nearly all the eminent geologists believe this, and they consider they have facts to prove it, so strong, that they cannot be gainsayed. Mr. Means reasons strongly to prove that the meaning of the word day in the first chapter of Genesis is an indefinite period of time, and makes out a very strong case in favor of the world being perhaps a million years of age, according to the Mosaic account of creation.—*Scientific American.*

EARLY PIETY.—It is storied of Hanibal that when he could have taken Rome, he would not, and when he would have taken it, he could not. And is this not the case with many? When they may find Christ, they will not seek him; and when they would seek Christ, they can not find him. When they may have mercy, they do not prize it; and when they would have mercy, they can not obtain it. He that in his youth reckons it too early to be converted, shall in his old age find it too late to be saved.—*Mathew Mead.*

From the Springfield Republican.

NEW ENGLAND.

OUR WEST, Oct., 1854.

To Our Folks at Home.

New England! aye, New England! I come from there, I guess,
And so I think that I may say its quite a likely place;
'Tis true the stones are pretty thick, the hills are pretty high,
But then the men are pretty smart, the boys uncommon spry.

And then the girls, O dear me sus! I think they can't be beat,
I'd rather have a smack from one than eat the finest wheat;
They very early learn to spin, and bake and brew and sew,
And make the very best of wives, (there's one that does, I know).

And there is Plymouth Rock, you know, the school house and the mill,
And there you'll find the meetin' house, and there is Bunker Hill;
And there the men in olden time determined to be free
For that was what they fought about, and not the pound of tea.

The cattle browse upon the hills, and find good picking too,
For labor's sturdy arm is there, and that will put it through;
'Tis there the corn and pumpkins grow, and there they raise the beans,
And all the folks that love to work can live like kings and queens.

The men both hold and drive the plow, and by the plow they thrive,
They want no sluggards in the field, no drones within the hive;
Who will not toil must never eat, each son and daughter feels,
The very streams are made to work and turn the factory wheels.

To cultivation of the soil the farmer's not confined,
He takes the weekly newspaper and cultivates the mind:
The boys and girls, so rosy-cheeked, are brigh as well as merry,
They study Webster's Spelling Book, and buy the Dictionary.

O that's the land of singing-schools, of apple-bees, and sich,
And there when boys get off the *treat*, their fathers use the *switch*;
The hoary head is honored there—youth will not age despise
For there ('twas so when I was young) they learn the catechise.

These Western folks may talk about their mighty streams and praires,
But for the butter to their bread they need New England dairies;
Of "cattle on a thousand hills" they ne'er can be possessed,
For Saddle Back is big enough for all the hills out West.

Her pork it linked in sausauges and made into a chain,
Would reach, like Puck's, around the globe and half way back again;
Her hundred acre fields of wheat, and corn so monstrous tall,
By these the nations might be fed, but then that is'nt all:—

When in the pleasant Sabbath morn the waving harvest swells,
The emigrant would like to hear New England's Sunday bells;
And when they want for school-ma'ams they must Governor Slade employ
To get a drove of Vermont girls to bring to Illinois.

And then the school-house ten to one is many miles away,
And so the flaxen-headed ones most stay at home and play;
Or while the mother boils the pot they roam around and plague her,
Or hovering in the corner sit, a shaking with the ager.

New England! aye, New England! my glory and my boast,
Adown thy hills, when I'm a boy, O how I used to coast;
Thy pleasant fields of living green, methinks I see them now,
And I upon my father's farm a riding horse to plow.

Thou art the land of liberty, of valleys and of hills,
A land of men—where thought is free—of brooks and running rills;
'Tis there they keep Thanksgiving days and like to have them come,
When loving circles cluster round—I wish I was to hum.

[JUDGEHAN.

The Mental Faculties.

1. The perceptive faculties are those by which we become acquainted with the existence and qualities of the external world.

2. Consciousness is the faculty by which we become cognizant of the operations of our own minds.

3. Original suggestion is the faculty which gives rise to original ideas, occasioned by the perceptive faculties or consciousness.

4. Abstraction is the faculty by which, from conceptions of individuals, we form conceptions of general and species; or, in general of classes.

5. Memory is the faculty by which we retain and recall our knowledge of the past.

6. Reason is that faculty by which, from the use of the knowledge obtained by the other faculties, we are enabled to proceed to other and original knowledge.

7. Imagination is that faculty by which, from materials already existing in the mind, we form complicated conceptions or mental images, according to our own will.

8. Taste is that sensibility by which we recognize the beauties and deformities of nature or art, deriving pleasure from the one, and suffering pain from the other.

[Dr. Wayland.

Snake Bites.

Whisky or other alchoholic stimulants—drank to intoxication, in most instances, or, when practicable, tie a bandage tight around the wounded limb, to retard the flow of the poison with the blood to the heart, give a tablespoonful of pure olive oil every half hour until relieved—at the same time rub the same oil on and about the wound.

Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.

SPEAK KINDLY.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Close your lips over it—let it not get on its viel mission—that harsh, ungentle word. Shut your teeth tighter as it struggles for egress, for it is bent on mischief. No doubt, 'tis hard work to master the headstrong thing. A mouthful of unkind words is the very hardest thing to swallow, that can be thought of; but 'tis far better to swallow them, even at the great risk of choking in the act, than to spit them out. Unlike other foul places, which may be emptied and cleansed, the place where hard words are nursed into life becomes only the fuller of them, the more they are allowed to flow out. Let but the first unkind word escape your lips, and there is no telling where the eruption will end.

Ah! if old and young would only live, even half way, up to the "golden rule" or to the precept of that sweet song of childhood's days—

"Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild."

how much misery, how many bitter pangs of suffering would be spared to all! Pleasant words are a perpetual sunshine; and the sweet flowers of meadow and mountain side may as well be expected to grow and thrive when transplanted to a cavern, as the flowers and blossoms of the soul, influenced by this light and warmth, which play over the countenance, and strike down into the heart.

And pleasant words are cheap; smiles are not costly. The giving of them does not impoverish; the face over which they pass is not paler and sicklier, it is even more beautiful and beloved. Pleasant words enrich; for while they brighten and cheer him to whom they are spoken, they reflect gladness also on him who utters them.

How much more blessed the life of one who is conscious of having scattered smiles and kind words about him than of the harsh and morose man, whose words are like the fabled toads and serpents, which dropped from the lips of the selfish beauty of old, and which caused a mist and a horror of great darkness wherever they fall.

Alone at the Judgment.

There is no escape, alone, or in the crowd at the judgment day. It is not a multitude amid which we may hide ourselves and escape notice. At that tribunal, each man will be as transparent before the searching eye of the Son of God, as if that man and Jesus were the only twain in the whole universe, such will be the intense light of that day, that one reason why the lost will call out for the hills to cover them and the mountains to overshadow them, will be, that they can not bear the intensity of that searching and unutterable splendor; and such will be the dread silence of that moment, that each man will hear the very pulsations of his own heart if that heart be unregenerate, each pulse will sound a death-knell to his hopes and prospects for ever. There is no escape in the crowd; there is no escape by wealth; there is no escape by talent, there is no escape any way; for "how, if we neglect so great a salvation," says the apostle, as satisfied that there is no escape whatever, "shall we escape?"—[Dr. Cumming.]

Prosperity and Adversity.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground; therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—*Lord Bacon.*

A Curious Snake.

The eye-snake, so called from a supposed habit it has of striking cattle in the eye when grazing, is without exception, the most beautiful and least repulsive of snakes.—It is about four feet long, of the brightest grass green; the intense green of an English meadow in early summer. It is very thin and graceful in its movement, and although very rapid when moving, it is so instantaneously rigid when alarmed, and adapts itself so wonderfully to the shape and hue of the grass or reeds among which it moves, that although watchihg one intently at your very feet, it is most difficult to discriminate between it and the vegetation with which it mingles.

A Catholic priest in Manchester, N. H., refused to baptize a child, because its father desired that its name should be Franklin. It sounded too much like an American, and too little like that of a Catholic Saint. So says the father in a letter to the New York Evening Post.

To remove ink stains from cloth, the very moment the ink is spilt take a little milk and saturate the stain, soak it up with a rag, and apply a little more milk, rubbing it well in. In a few minutes the ink will be completely removed.